

# Dear Black Brotha: Part Deux

For the longest time

I was not your ally

Because of a lie of anotha brotha

You are you brother's keeper,

But, not his keeper of debts and wrongdoing

I apologize for painting you with

Broad paint brushes

Rather taking the time to sketch your mind

And heart

Rather than lean in closer

I closed my heart

How can I not love you?

That is like saying I don't love me.

Projecting my pain and turning into

Great disdain

Rather than showing you another way

You saw the remnant of an angry black woman

Belittled, emotionally

Beaten, mentally

You saw me before the balm of healing

On my heart

On my eyes

Now, I see you

I really see you

Where normally would ask for an apology

For the symptomology you express

Due to life's indiscretions

A.K.A Hard Knock Life Lesson

Now this is not to excuse behavior

But, I now understand that these are

Just some of the symptoms to the deck of cards life has dealt you

You can't

Jog

Walk

Breathe

Or even have some damn Skittles!!

BMW currently stands for

Black

Man

Worn down

They want you down

We want you up

So you can remain a

Black Man

Winning

The only arrest we want to see is someone to rapture and care for your hearts

Love you into healing

So, not only does Black Lives Matter

But

Black

Love

Matters

How can I continue to breathe?

Without saying,

Dear Black Brotha,

I LOVE you.